

South-Carolina Weekly Museum, &c.

MARCH, 4, 1797.

ACCOUNT of the PRESENT DIRECTORY of FRANCE.

From the Monthly Magazine, for November 1796.

ONE of the most difficult points in the formation of a constitution, is to ascertain the best and safest depositary of the executive power. In a monarchy, this invariably resides in the prince, and even in a democracy, it is sometimes confided to the fidelity of a single person: we have instances of the former in every kingdom in Europe, and of the latter, in the United States of America.

A learned and elegant writer,* in his celebrated essay on the "Idea of a perfect commonwealth," confers the executive on a "senate," consisting of "one hundred members:" this idea is evidently borrowed from the policy of Venice, a government the most uniform in its operations, the most invariable in its views, the most permanent in its nature, of any in Europe, and against which there can be urged only two trifling objections: the existence of a state inquisition, and the consideration, that the nobles are every thing, and the people nothing.

The French, with the defects of all other institutions, and the experience of all former ages before them, possessed considerable advantages, when they laid the foundation of their modern colossus.—Whatever the architects of republican Greece and Rome, of England

while a commonwealth, and America after shaking off her yoke, were able to achieve, have been seen and examined by them. Avoiding the two extremes, and equally rejecting the supreme direction of "one," and of "one hundred," they have formed an executive of FIVE, an idea well known to the Dutch,* and with which we ourselves are familiar in the management of our different boards, particularly the admiralty, the most, perhaps the *only*, flourishing establishment among us, and which—owing to its republican form—neither the degeneracy of the times, nor the corruption of the other departments, nor even the notorious professional ignorance of its chiefs, have as yet bereft of its native vigour.

To the executive directory of France is entrusted the power of the nation; it is the first of the *constituted* authorities, and that which superintends all the others. It forms treaties of all kinds, subject, however, to the ratification of the legislature, to whom it also presents the declaration of peace and war, in which it possesses the *initiative*, or decision in the first instance. It

* The Dutch council consisted of seven, one for each province; and this number is still preserved in their new constitution.

* Hume, Vol. I. Essay xvi.

directs

directs the operation of the armies of the republic; nominates to a variety of places and offices pointed out by the constitution; receives the ambassadors of foreign states, and corresponds, by means of envoys or diplomatic agents, with all the governments of the world.

Title VI. of the new constitution, points out the manner of the election, and the extent of the authority of the executive power:

1. The five members are chosen by the legislature, then executing the functions of an electoral body in the name of the nation.

2. After the 9th year of the republic, the directors shall be forty years of age at least, and selected from among the citizens who have either been legislators or ministers.

3. The directory is partially renewed by the election of a new member every year; and an interval of five years must take place, before the individual retiring can be re-admitted.

4. It cannot deliberate unless three members at least are present.

5. The ministers chosen by it, for the home, foreign, war, &c. departments, must not be under thirty years of age, and they cannot nominate these, or any other functionaries, from among their own family, relations, or immediate connections.

6. The members cannot absent themselves from council more than five days at a time, or retire beyond four *myria-metres* (eight French leagues) from their residence.

7. They shall receive military honors; be entitled to a guard, consisting of 120 men; shall be lodged, at the expence of the public, in a national edifice; and the annual appointments of each are fixed at the current value of 50,000 *myria-*

grammes of wheat (10,222 French quintals.)

8. Each shall be attended in public by two guards of honor, and they cannot appear in the exercise of their functions unless dressed in *costume*.

The following is a list of the present directory, two of whom have been bred to the bar, and three to the profession of arms: it is also to be observed, as not a little remarkable, that two of them are of a *proscribed* class, no longer recognized by the laws; and that one is the brother of an emigrant:

Carnot, Rewbell, Revielliere Lepaux, Letourneur de la Manche, and Barras.

The Luxembourg, appointed for their residence, is now known by the name of *le Palais Directorial*.—Its courts are filled with *huissiers* and *gardes de corps*; and the apartments appointed for giving audience are decorated with a splendor unknown to any of the existing monarchies of Europe. Under their auspices, the king of the two Sicilies has acceded to a peace, which bereaves the coalition of another of their associates; while their treaty offensive and defensive with Spain, must considerably augment their maritime strength.—Nor has the fortune of war been, on the whole, unfavorable to them—Corsica has been restored without an effort, and Lombardy, by a series of valorous achievements, has, under their administration, been severed from the dominion of the house of Austria.

In respect to domestic regulation, their government is avowedly superior to that of the ancient committees; and their late message purporting it to be their intention, “that even the slightest vestige of military regimen shall be effaced—that the constitutional order shall be uniform throughout the whole extent

tent of the republic—and that the citizens shall approximate to each other, by the cares of agriculture, the relations of commerce, and the love of the arts," bespeaks intentions pregnant with the happiest consequences.

Upon the whole, much room is left for hope, that a legislature, fairly and freely chosen by the nation, whose image it reflects, must always operate as a constitutional check on the ambition of individuals. All power is *cumulative*; authority necessarily tends towards despotism; it is the *friction* it meets with in its progress that alone prevents an accelerated movement.

The five directors of France possess a great share of knowledge, sagacity, energy, and even experience. In short, they are, in all points of government, at least equal, if not superior, to any other cabinet in Europe.

(The characters of the Members to be given in our next.)

For the WEEKLY MUSEUM, &c.

ON MORALS.

THE morals of a people should be among the primary objects of attention with the government under which they live, and the patriotic individuals who compose the community, on an examination of the great importance of good morals to society, will use their utmost endeavors to promote this end—an end so desirable certainly ought to claim their warmest zeal in the cause of it, if no national advantage were to result; because it is a duty which they owe to themselves as well as to society—a duty which they owe to the Omnipotent—for neglecting which, they may one day

stand charged before a tribunal superior to that of human convenience or necessity. But to those who set the menaces of religion at defiance; who view the professors of it as impostors, and the votaries of it either as hypocrites or deluded people; yet even to them good morals must be a matter of serious importance and warm panegyric. Serious to them, as it forms the chief support of those governments which embrace as their object, the happiness of the people, of whom they are supposed to form a part—of warm panegyric, as every thing promoting the happiness of man, and the dignity of human nature should be. Sensual pleasures, pageantry, luxury, shows and public exhibitions are in the list of those immoral practices which are at war with society and human happiness: They bring on debauchery, extravagance, ruin and all the train of evils which flow from indolence and an indulgence of the inordinate passions. But those evils resulting from immorality, which affect more immediately the prosperity of society, are inactivity, and a disregard of those most important rights which nature has given to man. When they are assailed by a foreign enemy, inactivity prevails, and incapacitates them for defence; they employ hirelings, mercenary defenders, who either betray or become the enemies of their employers. When ambition prompts an individual to aspire to a dominion over his fellow-citizens, and a privation of those rights essential to their dignity and happiness, the immoral practices and habits which we contemplate have already deadened those noble feelings which make freemen value independence. If they are allowed to indulge themselves in their inordinate pleasures, they are easy as to the fate of their liberty: if they are aided in the gratification

ification of them by the usurper, instead of defending their rights from his usurpation, they promote his tyranny; and, having raised him to a throne and sunk themselves into infamy and contemptibility, devoid of every generous feeling of the heart, every noble idea of the mind, of the dignity of reasonable beings, and become mere animals, they rob God of his right, and pay divine adoration to a man like themselves—to their enemy—to him who has robbed them of the dearest rights God gave them. Well has it been said, that people without morals may fight themselves into freedom, but without morals they cannot long support the system which arms may have erected.—During a struggle for a great object, a people of the most dissolute and abandoned morals can be so far reduced, under the yoke of necessity, as to yield that obedience and support to the government which directs them, as necessity may demand. History will point out to us characters accustomed to indolence, sloth, debauchery and all manner of vice, who have undergone fatigues, hardships and labours that astonish the mind, even of those who are in the habit of guiding themselves by the rules of sobriety, of temperance and industry; who, thereby nerved and strengthened, are ready to support and defend the society in which they live, and meet those assailants and attacks which time has in store for every one, and which it will not fail to disclose. But the exertions of the latter are permanent, strong and generally successful; those of the former are like the blaze of a transient orb, detracting by its brilliancy from its duration, which, ere it enlightens our system, no longer administers to it. Their struggles are a kind of violent convulsions, and, like

every thing violent, expire in their own exertions. Violence and duration are inconsistent, and the decrease of the latter is in proportion to the increase of the former; that which exceeds its powers impairs its system; the effects of it must be natural, and not forced; or, in other words, its effects must have a proportionate and adequate cause, or they are momentary and possess no stability or duration. The pernicious effects resulting from that immorality which consists in sensual gratifications, are too obvious to need exposition, in debilitating the body, and drawing away the minds of men, from the duties which society and government demand of every individual in the pact, and which the wants and nature of society render absolutely necessary—duties, on the attentive discharge of which, hangs the very existence of all social pacts; for if, through vicious habits, those who have formed themselves into a society become incapable or indisposed to discharge the necessary duties of the pact, the association must fall to pieces, disunite, and the members of it return to the state of nature from whence they came—the fatal consequences of which, as they readily appear to every one, are too inconsistent with human happiness to be desired, too alarming to the human species not to be dreaded. Then, that which incapacitates the members of it, for the duties of it, lays the seed of its dissolution in the earth, which, fostered by time, rises into a rank weed, possessing the most baleful qualities, and in the progress of its growth, spreading these qualities and insinuating them into every part of that fabric, which they at length bring in ruins to the ground. The observations preceding have been on the fatal effects of those deviations from morality, which con-

in the gratification of the sensual appetites of mankind, against which the laws of our society have denounced no penalty; but which are, notwithstanding, inconsistent with the prosperity of it, and equally inconsistent with the laws of nature, of reason, and of God.

If these observations are thought worthy of so important a subject, I shall, with the permission of the editors, continue my observations in some succeeding communications.

HUMANITAS.

ELEGANT ALLEGORIES.

[From the German of Mr. Herder.]

S L E E P.

AMONG the choir of countless Genii, whom Jupiter created for men, in order to superintend and to bless the short period or a painful existence, was the dim *Sleep*. 'What have I to do, (said he, surveying his dusky form) in the midst of my dazzling brethren? how sadly I look in the band of the Sports, of the Joys, and of the Loves! It may be that I am welcome to the unhappy, whom I lull to oblivion of their cares: it may be that I am welcome to the weary, whom I do but strengthen to new toil: but those who are neither weary nor woe-be-gone, I only interrupt in the circle of their joys.

'Thou errest (said the father of Genii and of men) thou in thy dusky form shalt be a genius dear to all the world. Dost thou not think that sports and joys fatigue? In truth they tire sooner than care and want, and bequeath to their pampered host the most irksome sloth. And even thou, (continued Jupiter) shalt not be without thy pleasures, but shalt often surpass there-

in the whole company of thy brothers.' With these words he reached out the grey horn full of pleasing dreams: 'Hence, (added he) scatter thy poppy-seeds, and the happy no less than the miserable of mankind will wish for thee, and love thee above all thy brethren.—The hopes, the sports and the joys, herein contained, were caught by the charmed fingers of thy sisters, the graces, on the most redolent meads of paradise. The ethereal dews that glitter on them will image to every one, whom thou wouldst bless, his own wish: and, as the goddess of love has sprinkled them with celestial nectar, their forms will be radiant with a glowing grace, which the cold realities of earth cannot attain. From amid the rosy band of the pleasures, gladly will men hasten to thy arms. Poets will sing of thee, and strive to rival thy enchantments in their songs. Even the innocent maid shall wish for thee, and thou wilt hang on her eye-lids a sweet, a welcome god.'

The complaint of sleep was changed into thankfulness and triumph, and he was united to the loveliest of the graces,—to *Pasithea*.

THE CHOICE OF FLORA.

While Jupiter was summoning the creation which he meditated in ideal forms before him, he beckoned, and *Flora* appeared among the rest. Who can describe her charms, who can image forth her beauty? Whatever the earth showers from her virgin lap was mingled in her shape, her colour, her drapery. All the gods gazed on her delighted, all the goddesses envied her beauty.

'Choose for thyself a paramour,' said Jupiter, 'out of this numerous band of divinities and Genii: but beware not to choose idly.

Flora looked about with levity. Oh that she had chosen the beautiful

ful Phœbus, who was enraptured with the love of her:—but his beauty was too sublime for her.—Her busy look wandered around, and she choose (who could have thought it?) one of the lowest of gods, the fickle Zephyr.

‘Inconsiderate! (said the father) that thy sex, even in intellectual forms, should prefer showy glittering charms to the calm energy of the highest love! Hadst thou chosen him, (pointing to Phœbus) thou and thy progeny would have participated his immortality.’

Zephyr embraced her, and she disappeared. She flew, in the form of flower-dust, into the region of the god of air.

When Jupiter realized the ideal forms of his universe, and the lap of earth was prepared to receive the seeds of vegetation, he called to Zephyr, who was slumbering over the ashes of his beloved. ‘Awake, youth, and bring with thee thy beloved, and behold her earthly appearance.’ Zephyr came with the flower dust, and scattered it over the surface of the earth. Phœbus recollected his love, and conferred on it animation. The Goddesses of springs and streams watered it with sisterly affection. Zephyr clasped it, and Flora appeared in a thousand motley springing flowers.

How glad was each to find again its celestial lover, to lean toward his playful kisses, and to cradle on his wavering arm. Short-lived bliss! As soon as the fair had opened her bosom, and had drest her nuptial bed in all the pomps of hue and fragrance, the satiate Zephyr abandoned her;—and Phœbus, pitying her disappointed love, put an early end to her grief with his consuming beam!

Every spring, ye maids, begins a-new the same history. Ye bloom,

like Flora; choose not such a lover as Zephyr.

AURORA.

Aurora was complaining to the gods that, although she was much praised by men, she was little beloved or visited by them and least by those who loudest sang her praises. ‘Do not grieve about thy lot, (said the goddess of wisdom) is it not the same as mine?—and then, (continued she) look at those who slight thee, and at the rival whom they prefer. Behold them, as thou passest, floundering in the embrace of laziness, and decaying both in body and in mind:—and hast thou not friends, not adorers enow? The whole creation worships thee; all the flowers awake and clothe themselves by thy roseate beam in new and bridal beauty. The choir of birds welcomes thee, and seems intent wholly on varied arts to charm thy transient presence. The laborious boor, and the industrious sage, never disappoint thee; they quaff, from the cup which thou offerest, health and strength, repose and life: doubly pleased that they enjoy thee undisturbed and uninterrupted by the prating crowd of sleepy fools. Dost thou consider it as no blessing that the unworthy are never seen among thy admirers? To be worshipped without profanation is the highest prize of love among gods and men

Aurora blushed at her thoughtless murmurs. Let every beauty aspire to her fortune, who equals her in purity and innocence.

Query in Natural Philosophy.

TO BE ANSWERED IN OUR NEXT.

What is the cause of that sparkling brightness which we see by night in the waves of an agitated sea?

AUCASSIN

AUCASSIN AND NICOLETTE.

A TALE.

[From the Tales of the Minstrels;
translated from the French of M.
Le Grand.]

(Continued from page 243.)

THE count Bongars, hearing the cries that announced the capture of Aucassin, had made haste to partake of the triumph. Aucassin, in his retreat, recognized the count, and gave him so violent a blow with his sword upon the helmet, that he unhorsed him. He then seized and dragged him into the city, to present him as a prisoner to his father. "Sire (said he) here is the enemy, who, for the space of ten years, has given you so much alarm."

"Ah! my son (answered the father) it is thus at your age a youth should signalise himself, and not by silly amours."

"Father (replied Aucassin) no reflection, I entreat you; I have discharged my engagement; now think of performing yours?"

"What, my dear son?"

"What! did you not make me a solemn promise, that if I would go out to the battle, I should once more see and exchange a kiss with Nicolette? If you do not recollect the engagement, I, for my part, have not forgotten it."

"May I die instantly if I agree to it! I would rather, were she in my power this moment, throw her before your face into the flames."

"Father, is that your final resolution?"

"Yes, by heavens?"

"Indeed, I am much concerned to find you capable of such a breach of honor."—Then turning to Bongars, "count of Valence (said he) are you not my prisoner?"

"Most assuredly, sir."

"Then give me your hand, and make a solemn oath never to omit an occasion, during life, to hurt and disgrace my father."

"Sir, I am your prisoner, and you may require for my ransom what you please. Demand gold, silver, horses, dogs, furs, either white or grey; I will engage for all:—but cease, I pray you, to treat me with mockery and insult."

"I will have no reply, no gain-saying (answered Aucassin); either comply with my requisition, or die this moment by my sword."

Bongars, terrified at this menace, made no further resistance, but took all the oaths required; after which his conqueror conducted him to one of the gates and set him at liberty. But all that Aucassin acquired by his achievement, was the count's order to be arrested and imprisoned in the tower.

Nicolette continued in her confinement strictly watched. One night, being unable to compose her eyes to sleep, she perceived the moon shining with prodigious brightness in the firmament, and heard the nightingale's plaintive notes resound in the garden: for it was in that pleasant time of the year, when the days are long, and the nights serene. Her thoughts were then engaged on Aucassin, her lover, and the persecution she suffered from the count Garins. The old woman appointed to guard her was at that moment asleep, and Nicolette thought the opportunity favorable for her escape. She rose without noise, put her filken mantua upon her shoulders, and fixing her sheets, tied together, to the sash of the window, she used them as a rope, and slipped down into the garden. By the light of the moon she discerned the garden gate, which she opened; and, obliged to cross the town in her flight, she

she arrived under the very tower in which her lover was confined.

This tower was ancient, and had crevices open in several places. The maid, as she passed along, fancied she heard a person complaining; and, applying her ear to one of those openings, she knew the voice to be that of Aucassin, who was lamenting his hapless love. When she had listened for some time, "Aucassin, (said she) gallant bachelor, why weep and lament in vain? I am hateful to your father and your family; we cannot meet and live together: adieu! I am going to cross the seas, and to hide myself in a far distant country:" on saying which, she cut off a lock of her hair, and threw it into the tower.

The lover received the gift with transport. He kissed it in raptures, and then concealed it in his bosom. But what Nicolette had just announced to him filled him with despair. "My charmer (he cried) you must not leave me, unless you mean to doom me to destruction."

The sentinel, posted upon the tower, overheard their discourse, and pitied them. All at once, he desisted, at the further end of the street, the soldiers coming their rounds, with drawn swords under their cloaks. "She will be discovered and arrested (said he, within himself): what a pity that so beautiful a damsel should perish!—Alas Aucassin, my prince, will also suffer! The charitable sentinel would fain have warned Nicolette fully of her danger; but that the soldiers should not discover it, he could do it no otherwise than by a song apposite to the occasion.

The fair one easily divined the meaning of the song; and, after breathing out an acknowledgement to the kind sentinel, she wrapped herself up in her mantua, and, favoured by the shadow of a post, hid

herself in an angle of the tower, so that the soldiers passed by without observing her. When they had got to a distance, she bade adieu to her lover, and approached the walls of the town, to seek a passage for her escape.

There was she terrified, at first looking over, with the sight of a very deep ditch; but the danger that already threatened her, from the anger of the count Garins, overcame all lesser apprehensions; so, after commending herself to God, she slipped down into the moat. Her delicate hands and tender feet, not used to such encounters, were wounded in several places; nevertheless, her fears made her insensible of the pain. But to have reached the bottom of the ditch was not enough; it was necessary to climb the other brink; and here lay the difficulty. Her good fortune however, directed her to one of those sharp pointed stakes, that had been hurled by the defenders of the town upon the enemy in the late assault. This she employed to dig her way, first advancing with one foot and then another; till at length, with much pain and labour, she reached the summit.

At twice the distance of a bow-shot from the ditch, was the border of the forest, about one and twenty leagues in extent each way, and full of all sorts of venomous and ravenous animals. Nicolette durst not enter it, through fear of being devoured. On the other hand, as she was in imminent danger of being apprehended and carried back to prison, she ventured to conceal herself in a small thicket which made the selvage of the wood. There fatigued and exhausted she lay down and slept till the morning, when some shepherds were driving their flocks to the adjacent verdure.

While

Whilst the animals fed on the borders of the forest, the shepherds went and sat down by a stream that winded round it. There, spreading on the earth a cloak, they put their provisions down, and began their breakfast. Nicolette, whom the noise awakened, approached them; and, saluting them courteously, inquired, if they knew Aucassin, son of Garins, the count of Beaucaire. They answered in the affirmative; but the instant they cast their eyes upon her, they were dazzled at her charms, and took her for some fairy that frequented the wood. She further said, "My friends, I desire that you will go and tell him that there is here a white-coloured doe, for which he would readily give five hundred marks in gold, or indeed all the gold in the world, if it was at his disposal; that he is desired to come and catch her, and that she is endowed with the virtue to cure him of all evils; but that unless he comes within three days, he will never find her, and may renounce for ever all hopes of cure." She then opened her purse, and gave them some money, which they accepted; not undertaking to go to the town on purpose to acquaint Aucassin with what she desired; but they promised to do it if they should fall in with him: to which she assented, and retired.

Charmed with the hopes she had received, she thought of nothing from that moment, but the reception she should give her lover. For that purpose, she constructed near the road, a small arbour of green branches; with which, at the same time, she was desirous of trying him. "If his love is as violent as he declares, when he sees this, it will arrest his attention." When the arbour was completed, and garnished with flowers and odoriferous herbs, the fair one stepped aside a few paces, and sat down under a thicket,

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to see what Aucassin would do on his arrival.

He had been liberated from his imprisonment. The viscount was no sooner informed of the escape of his ward, than he went, in order to allay any suspicions of the count his sovereign, to inform him, that she had died in the night; and Garins, freed, in consequence of her supposed death, from his apprehensions, restored Aucassin to his liberty. He even took it into his head, for the consolation of his son, to give an entertainment to all his barons and vassals. The court assembled, was numerous, and there abounded a variety of amusements; but Aucassin could taste no pleasure in the absence of his love. Plunged in the deepest melancholy, he kept himself apart from the company, leaning sorrowfully against a pillar.

A knight coming up to him said, "Sire, I have been sick like you, and of the same malady; I am therefore qualified to offer you my advice upon the subject. Get on horseback, and ride along the edge of the forest; the singing of the birds, the freshness of the verdure, the beauty of the flowers, or something else, perhaps, may afford you relief."

Aucassin thanked him; and immediately withdrawing himself from the hall, and ordering his horse to be saddled, he rode out and proceeded towards the forest.

The shepherds were sitting in the same place as in the morning, close by the margin of the stream. They had purchased two large cakes, which they had come to eat, spreading their cloaks, as before, upon the grass.

"Comrades (said one, whose name was Lucas) God preserve our gentle count Aucassin, and the damsel of the flaxen locks, to whose

country

bounty we are indebted for these cakes."

Aucassin, overhearing this, suspected that his lovely Nicolette had been with them. He accosted them, and gave them money to induce them to a further explanation.—When he asked them the meaning of what had just been spoken, the most intelligent of the band recounted the adventure of the morning, with the message they were charged to deliver to him, and the story of the white doe, which he was invited to pursue.

"God grant me to find it," said he, and entered the wood.

His clothes, torn at every step by thorns and briars, were quickly reduced almost to tatters. His hands, his arms, his body, were so lacerated in a short time, that he might have been traced by his blood. But his mind was so occupied with the thoughts of Nicolette, that he was not sensible of any pain or inconvenience.

(To be concluded in our next.)

For the WEEKLY MUSEUM, &c.

THE OBSERVER—No. IV.

"Swear not at all."

THE many lectures against profane swearers that have already appeared, leave but little scope for any observations I can now bring forward. I shall, however, offer a few cursory remarks on this subject. None of my readers will, I am convinced, deny the baneful effects which result from a contracted habit of imprecating the most dreadful oaths on every trifling occasion: When this takes place in the youthful mind, it leads on, by rapid strides, to almost every other vice. Their morals once corrupted, they

rush on, unmindful of the kind admonitions which are offered them, are at once lost to the world and to themselves, and, in a short time, end a life of infamy and disgrace, which otherwise might have been spent in useful pursuits, and in the practice of virtue.

This insinuating enemy, and bane to the repose of mankind, ever marks an unguarded moment, when virtue is thrown off its guard, and our passions excited to their highest pitch, to steal on the senses, and by its fatal power compel them to follow its dictates; which, on sober reflection, we are convinced tend to lead us on in the practice of vice and immorality.

Parents render themselves culpable in the highest degree by giving way to this practice, for, as the poet observes,

'Example, more than precept sways.'

They should ever be on their guard against the admission of this evil—Their young charge often follow close on their footsteps, and tread the same path, with little variation. Some there are, who, knowing the evil tendency of profane swearing, will severely chastise their children on uttering any expressions of this nature; and, frequently, inflicting the chastisement, make use of words more criminal than those for which the child suffers. Such parents incur a double criminality, and deserve a more severe and harsh chastisement.

The moralist is often shocked on hearing Heaven's brightest name blasphemed by the impious wretch, who, regardless of the punishments of a future state, at every breath issues forth the most horrid oaths. Among the low and vulgar, who spend their lives in one continued scene of obscenity, this vice, rooted in their minds as it were from their infancy

infancy, becomes familiar to their senses; but that men who have received a liberal education, and, by the smiles of fortune, are placed in a higher rank of life, should give such scope to their evil passions, and encourage habits of such dangerous tendency, is surprising. The Spectator relates an instance of a gentleman who never mentioned the name of his Maker, but with an affecting pause, and a solemn obsequance. How pleasing the contemplation of such a character, when contrasted with that of a man of impious morals.

To those who give way to the practice of swearing, I will address one or two simple queries—*Does it procure respect?* an object which all men, whatever their situation in life, wish to attain: *Does it gain you esteem?* without which, life is rendered a burden: *Does it gain you credit?* so essential in all worldly transactions: *Does it practice ensure you that tranquility in your bosom, which arises on following a course of virtue?* On the contrary, does it not cause you to be despised, hated by the world, unhappy here, and miserable hereafter?

Having said thus much of the men, I shall touch with reluctance upon the influence this evil is gaining among the fair sex. It is a painful reflection, that we often hear ladies (such the world styles them) make use of language, fit only for the most abandoned of their sex—"Good Heavens!—Good God!—My God!—Great God!—Taking their solemn oath," &c. have become proverbial, and on every trivial occasion are made use of with the greatest unconcern. A few weeks past, I happened to step into a store for the purchase of some trifle, when the first words which saluted my ear, on my entrance, were, "Heavenly God Almighty!" I startled

at the exclamation, on observing it to proceed from a young lady, whom, but a few moments before, I had observed descending from a carriage. On enquiry what had given rise to this expression, I was informed, that, in trying on a pair of gloves, being rather small, she had tore them. I retired sorrowfully ruminating on what I heard, and on entering my chamber, the first book I opened presented to my view the following:

'From trifling ills, what mischiefs may arise.'

S.

IBRAHIM AND ALMIRA.

AN EASTERN TALE.

IS it in man to still the roarings of the sea, or in nature to check the fury of the wind? Who can dictate the will of heaven, or cry unto the fates, "Thus shall it be?" Son of man, canst thou give motion to the stars, or limit the progress of the sun? Canst thou stop the moments in their course, and steal the sands from never standing time?

In the city of Bagdad, so celebrated by the eastern writers, lived Ibrahim, the son of Emir Hassan, who had formerly been principal favorite to the caliph, and entrusted by the commander of the faithful, with the most important designs.—Ibrahim was esteemed an honor to his country, and looked upon as the glory of his race. He was now in all the comeliness of manhood, and his reputation was uncommon for his years. His name went forth like the gales of the morning, and his presence was as cheerful as the beams of the sun. Sorrow never saw a cloud upon his brow; nor did
grief

grief ever take possession of his heart. Envy was a stranger to his thoughts, and rancour an alien to his breast. His affection was cordial to his friends, and his charity constant to the poor. Resolute in good, he was a stranger to fear; and promoting the satisfaction of every body, grew tenderly respected by all.

Such was Ibrahim, when the angel of love touched his bosom, and kindled a flame for Almira, the sister of Helim, who was vizir to the caliph, and the next in power and greatness to his lord. Almira was the most beautiful virgin of Bagdad, and the fame of her charms had reached the remotest corners of the east. Her cheek was as fresh as the roses of the morning, and her bosom was more white than the lily of the dale. The diamond of Golconda was less piercing than her eye, and her air was more comely than the presence of the swan.— Her voice was like the music of Paradise, and her breath was as pure as the breezes of the west. Her song would subdue the tyger of the forest, and her looks would detain the roe upon the hills. Ye daughters of Bagdad, ye beheld her with envy; and ye maids of Balsora, ye knew her with regret. At her sight the winter of age would glow with admiration, and the summer of youth with tenderness and love. She alone was worthy the hand of Ibrahim, and Ibrahim at length was happily blest with her's.

The thirtieth moon had now gone down upon their felicity, and increased the transport of the lovers with a daughter, beautiful as her mother, and a son, the strongest picture of his sire. Their hours were measured only by their happiness, and the minutes alone were numbered out by joy. But O how unstable are the pleasures of this life! and

how oft are the plans, which we lay for delight, defeated in their end! A fatal distemper preyed upon the two smiling infants, and nature at last consigned them over to the angel of death. Ibrahim was struck with grief inexpressive, and Almira with anguish too mighty to support. He was, however, enabled by the force of reason and philosophy, to combat with his affliction; but she, from tenderness of constitution, and extravagance of maternal love, was incapable of receiving the smallest relief. How oft did she complain to heaven in the bitterness of her sorrows! how oft call upon death in the anguish of her heart! Ye matrons of Bagdad, ye bore witness to her tears; ye mothers of Balsora, ye have heard of her distress. Ye beams of the morning, ye rose upon her sighs; and ye shades of the evening, ye brought no comfort to her breast. Despair was at last succeeded by distraction; and the fates, offended at her complaints, cut the thread of life, as she was tearing her hair, and pouring forth her lamentations upon the new made grave of her little Ibrahim and Almira.

Almira's death deprived the wretched Ibrahim of all his fortitude: he seized a dagger, and prepared to put an end to an existence which he was no longer able to enjoy: but first turning his eyes up to heaven, and falling on his knees, he breathed out the following prayer: "God of my forefathers, who sittest enthroned above the seven heavens, and thou great prophet, Mahomet, exalted minister of truth, behold the tortures of my heart, and forgive the rashness they produce! It is not for me to ask why Eternal Providence should shower such nameless woes upon me. Yet let me ask if I deserve them all! The laws of truth and righteousness

ness I have hitherto inviolably preserved; and whether it is from phrenzy, or the weakness of human nature, I cannot determine; but I am no longer able to sustain a weight of afflictions which the utmost profligacy of the abandoned has never yet experienced. Pardon me then, oh Omnipotent! that thus, uncalled, I rush before thy throne, to seek that repose in another world, which fate destroyed in this."

Here ended Ibrahim; and he was just about giving the fatal stroke, when one of those celestial beings, that attend the presence of the living God, appeared, and instantly withheld his hand. Ibrahim fell prostrate, and thus the inhabitant of heaven went on: "Cease, mistaken Ibrahim to complain of the dispensations of Providence: nor think that the decrees of the most high are not actuated by unerring justice. In this world, which thou must look upon as a state of probation, and not consider as a place of reward, thou art wrong to seek for perfect happiness, or to think of meeting with undisturbed repose.—To these delightful ends, if thou art solicitous to soar, pay an implicit obedience to the divine will, nor ever tax that Being with severity, who in the midst of his displeasure only chastens to reform. Both thou and Almira were too doatingly fond of those two babes, which heaven had blest you with, and paid a less attention to the giver, than either did to the gift. In goodness, therefore, heaven remanded what it thought proper to bestow: and art thou so unjust as to be offended, when the divine Being is pleased to recall his own? Or canst thou be said in reality to love these little infants, if thou wouldst a moment wish them back from those eternal mansions of felicity which are provided for the blessed? They are happy;

wouldst thou disturb their happiness? They are angels—wouldst thou reduce them to common clay? What hast thou to complain of? Almira, that was thy wife, is in Paradise; wouldst thou bring her back to a miserable world? If they were dear to thee, thou hast cause to rejoice at their felicity, not to lament for their loss. Thou beggest of heaven, Ibrahim, to forgive thy intended suicide. How canst thou be so inconsistent, as to pray to heaven, in the very moment thou art going to violate the strictest of its laws? How canst thou presume to address thy God for mercy, yet in the midst of thy petition intend to offend the greatness of his power? O Ibrahim! heaven has dealt mercifully with thee, and provided never ending happiness for the wife of thy bosom, and the children of thy heart. Wouldst thou share their fate, and join them in felicity? The way does not lie in being disturbed at the Almighty's will, but in being resigned."—Here the angel ceased, and vanished. Then Ibrahim arose, quite comforted with the expostulation, and laid by his rash design; the remainder of his days he devoted to the service of his maker; and, in the reign of the famous Haroun Alraschid, he was gathered to his fathers, having first directed the whole of this circumstance to be written in the extraordinary memorials of Bagdad.

SPECIMEN OF INDIAN ELOQUENCE.

MR. JEFFERSON, has remarked, that to form a just estimate of the genius and mental powers of the Indians, more facts are wanting and great allowance is to be made for those circumstances of their situation which call for a display of particular talents only. This done, we shall

shall probably find that the American Indians are formed, in mind as well as in body, on the same model with the *homo sapiens Europeanus*.—The principles of their society forbidding all compulsion, they are to be led to duty and to enterprise by personal influence and persuasion.—Hence eloquence in council, bravery and address in war, become the foundations of all consequence with them. To these acquirements all their faculties are directed. Of their bravery and address in war we have multiplied proofs, because we have been the subjects on which they were exercised. Of their eminence in oratory we have fewer examples, because it is displayed chiefly in their own councils. Some, however, we have, of very superior lustre. We may challenge the whole orations of Demosthenes and Cicero, and of any more eminent orators, if Europe has furnished more eminent, to produce a single passage superior to the speech of Logan, a Mingo chief, to lord Dunmore, when governor of Virginia. The story is as follows; of which, and of the speech, the authenticity is unquestionable. In the spring of the year 1774, a robbery and murder were committed on an inhabitant of the frontiers of Virginia, by two Indians of the Shawanese tribe. The neighbouring whites, according to their custom, undertook to punish this outrage in a summary way. Colonel Cresap, a man infamous for the many murders he had committed on these much-injured people, collected a party, and proceeded down the Kanhaway in quest of vengeance. Unfortunately a canoe of women and children, with one man only, was seen coming from the opposite shore unarmed, and unsuspecting any hostile attack from the whites. Cresap and his party concealed themselves on the bank of the river; and the moment

the canoe reached the shore, singled out their objects, and at one fire killed every person in it. This happened to be the family of Logan, who had been distinguished as a friend of the whites. This unworthy return provoked his vengeance. He accordingly signalized himself in the war which ensued. In the autumn of the same year a decisive battle was fought at the mouth of the Great Kanhaway, between the collected forces of the Shawanese, Mingoes, and Delawares, and a detachment of the Virginia militia. The Indians were defeated, and sued for peace. Logan, however, disdained to be among the suppliants; but, lest the sincerity of a treaty should be distrusted, from which so distinguished a chief absented himself, he sent by a messenger the following speech, to be delivered to lord Dunmore:—

“I appeal to any white man to say if ever he entered Logan’s cabin hungry, and he gave him no meat; if ever he came cold and naked, and he clothed him not. During the course of the last long and bloody war, Logan remained idle in his cabin, an advocate for peace. Such was my love for the whites, that my countrymen pointed as they passed, and said, *Logan is the friend of white men*. I had even thought to have lived with you, but for the injuries of one man. Colonel Cresap, the last spring, in cold blood, and unprovoked, murdered all the relations of Logan, not sparing even my women and children. There runs not a drop of my blood in the veins of any living creature. This called on me for revenge. I have sought it: I have killed many: I have fully glutted my vengeance.—For my country, I rejoice at the beams of peace; but do not harbour a thought that mine is the joy of fear; Logan never felt fear. He will

will not turn on his heel to save his life. Who is there to mourn for Logan?—Not one."

*To the Editors of the SOUTH-CAROLINA
WEEKLY MUSEUM, &c.*

GENTLEMEN,

*If the following lines meet with your
approbation; your honoring them by
a place in your Museum, will
oblige a friend to your undertaking,
and*

A YOUNG AUTHOR.

LETTER I.

ON HAPPINESS.

To Miss M. W.

OF all the sensations which inhabit the human mind, I conceive, Happiness to be the principal; although it is as much a stranger in experience, as if it is nominally an acquaintance to mankind.

You tell me my friend, you never expect to greet much happiness in this world, as it appeared to you only a titular, a fanciful pleasure, never to be enjoyed. How greatly different is my opinion, when I say, that the enjoyment of happiness is certainly attainable, particularly by attention at our out-set in life; that moment, in which we first tread this universal stage, on which we are to act the remainder of our days; when our appearance in every scene, should be preceded by composure, and due reflection on what we are to act, or say; and never proceed, without being perfect in our part or undertaking, that we may, at our exit, feel the glow of contentment in our bosom, which is its chief source.

Happiness does not solely consist in the possession of the object of our sincerest love; yet I confess, my friend, the possession of every other

desire, can not form happiness if deprived of the former.

Gold! that origin of temptation, which is the cause of most evil, I reluctantly must own, claims a small share in the creation of that heavenly blessing; but alone, its greatest abundance is not able to afford it. You wish to know where it may be found: I answer, principally from our endeavours to attain the cause of it, which, when discovered, I doubt not you will acknowledge, may then be obtained.

Are we not placed in this world, free from all care, yet surrounded by its numerous host of promoters? If it was ordained for us not to enjoy happiness in this world, should we have been created free from unhappiness? Certainly not: and our being free from it at our birth, yet placed in the midst of its promoters, is to the intent, that we have a just recollection of our maker, and to implore his divine protection, and through his mediation, avoid these surrounding miseries, and by the power he placed us on earth, first free, by the same to guard us hereafter.

Yet he left us not unprotected, since we can command to our assistance, Reason, that strong though invisible shield; that blessed faculty, which distinguishes us from the brute creation. If it was not for some inestimable reason, would it have been given us by the All-wise? surely not, as he created nothing, but what is intended for some good end; we should have lived in a state of ignorance, with regard to the various turns of fortune: you may ask, whether by this distinction, we do not oftener experience embittered than pleasing hours? No certainly, if we make the intended use of our reason; if at every ill turn of fortune, we curse our fate, and hail with sorrow our natal day, we should

should have much oftener to weep, than to rejoice I own: but that is the moment, we should call to our assistance, our heavenly aid: and inwardly reason to ourselves, if this ill turn of fortune, may not be the preventative of a greater from amidst the number, which ever hover around us, and which are generally forgotten to be in existence, whilst we are in prosperity: and which might have probably by a timely reason, clearly appeared.— And should we not then be happy, though in trouble, as it is the preventative of a greater weight of misfortune.

You may smile at this doctrine, of experiencing happiness from the midst of misfortune, but however paradoxical my opinion may appear, yet, what criminal would not rejoice at a mitigation of any part of an expected sentence; his joy to be sure, is not as extensive, as if it was a total reprieve. By my assertion, that happiness is ever attainable, I do not presume it is to be on a constant equality: by no means; happiness may be experienced in various degrees, according to the subject of its promotion: but it is only to prove, that a small degree of happiness, is even to be obtained in adversity, from reason; and should we permit a supposition, of our not discovering by our reasoning in adversity, the preventative of a greater ill turn of fortune to that experienced, we should remember our breathing this life, with the knowledge of being born to trouble, therefore should have our minds fortified against its arrival, since we are at all times liable to expect it.— Our religion should be made an ally at this juncture, as we are taught by that heavenly instruction, to be happy in being the instrument of the Almighty's will.

Lastly, we may receive a ray of happiness from this recollection, that if we had never experienced unhappiness, we should be as ignorant of felicity; it would not be enjoyed, when, amidst its greatest cause, if we had never experienced adversity. Then should we not, under the frowns of fortune, be content (which is the promoter of happiness) as it is the only means by which we can enjoy its delightful smiles.

Then my friend, should we not clasp reason to our bosom, and say, Oh Reason! Thou greatest of gifts, it is you that whispers me, to recollect in adversity, and say, "Lord thy will be done on earth" and when enjoying the fruits of fortune, to offer up that due acknowledgment, to the creator of my happiness.

Z E N O.

THE WELCOME DISAPPOINTMENT.

A T A L E.

IN a retired village in the north of England, resided, as rector and pastor of an extensive parish, the reverend Mr. Vincent Everard. He preached to his parishioners what he esteemed pure religion and undefiled; he gave them the sincerest good advice, both with respect to their moral conduct, and their temporal affairs; he flattered not the rich, and he relieved the poor. He engaged in no litigations relative to tithes, moduses, or dues; for he was more anxious to feed than to shear his flock. He sought no preferment—he entered into no intrigues—he enlisted into no controversy—hurled no fierce denunciations against heretics; but extended his charity, his candor, and his philanthropy, even to sectaries and infidels.

That

That such a man should acquire the esteem and respect of all his neighbors, can excite no surprise. The poor, especially, loved and honored him without reserve: Those of superior rank, indeed—one or two of the dignified clergy, in particular, could discover that he was not free from defects; that he was too little careful of his own dignity, and that he did not appear to have at heart the inculcating, both by precept and example, that difference of rank, and duty of subordination, on which depends, not only the beauty, but the very existence of the fair frame of civil society, which has been contrived with so much wisdom, and maintained with so much zeal, by the great and eminent in church and state, during so many ages. They, likewise, were scandalized that he should shew so little attention to the defence of the ancient doctrines, or the preservation of the salutary authority of the church; since they saw that he would receive sectaries and eat with them, and thus continually exposed himself to perils among false brethren.

Among the gentry who had seats near the residence of Mr. Everard, was sir Ralph Waldegrave, a worthy country gentleman, of the more ancient school, untainted with the corruption and frippery of modern times. He admired the integrity and goodness of heart which shone so conspicuously in his clerical neighbor, and formed an acquaintance with him on his first coming to reside at his living, which ripened into an attachment of the warmest friendship (a friendship which, in polished life, would hazard being called extravagant and enthusiastic) for all idea of difference of fortune or situation vanished before it—information that, as he had an only son who was to be heir to all his large

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estates, and Mr. Everard an only daughter, who, besides possessing the most admirable and delicate beauty, appeared to be the heir to all her father's virtues and good qualities, he actually not only admitted, but even pleased himself with the idea that a union might one day take place between them, which should enrich his family with the intelligence, the integrity, and the beneficence, which, he doubted not, the daughter of Mr. Everard must inherit from her father.

Nor, in thus highly rating the future accomplishments and virtues of miss Lætitia Everard, did it appear, when time had more fully developed and matured her beauties, both of body and mind—that he had in the least miscalculated. Miss Everard, as she grew up, displayed the most powerful charms of personal attraction, combined with an uncommon strength of understanding and equal goodness of heart.—Sir Ralph gazed on her with delight, and applauded his own foresight, which had informed him that the daughter of his excellent friend could prove no other than the Phoenix she appeared. He, on every occasion, recommended her to the notice of his son, and dwelt on her praises before him by the hour, to excite his attention, and fix her image in his heart.

To his friend, Mr. Everard, he had, from the very first, intimated this his favorite project; and, as the beauty and accomplishments of Lætitia seemed every day to improve, he almost every day repeated his intimations: not, however, with the superiority of a man, who, conceiving nothing equal in value to wealth, imagined himself exhibiting an unexampled generosity; but as one soliciting a gift of so invaluable a nature, that all the wealth he had to offer in return was contemptible

temptible when put in competition with it.

However pleasing, in more respects than one, this project might appear to Mr. Everard, he was inclined to think it too romantic, and too little likely to be realized.—Without, therefore, having recourse to the affected reserve and reticence with which cunning and little minds would have acted on such an occasion, he told Sir Ralph, with his accustomed sincerity, that, in an engagement of so important a kind, wealth should undoubtedly never be his primary object: he certainly affected no such false philosophy as to refuse his estate for his daughter, as a positive evil; but there were too many cases in which it might cease to be a good sympathy of heart, uniformity of inclinations and of manners, were indispensable to happiness in that state of union to which he alluded; and the more indispensable, the more the mind had received cultivation, and was capable of sensibility. “I must, besides, remark (said Mr. Everard) that, however flattering your friendship to us must appear, this project, from very many causes, is so liable to fail, that it will be necessary for you to act with more prudence in your attempt to advance it than your sometimes do. My daughter, whatever good opinion I may entertain of her good sense and early judgment, is still but a girl, liable to turn giddy at such a prospect. She may form expectations which may be disappointed—be led, insensibly, to fix her heart on affluence, though born only to an humble competence—and thus become unfitted for the way of life to which she is probably destined.”

Sir Ralph admitted the justice of his friend's remarks; but he did not therefore abandon his favorite scheme. To his son Charles he, on

every occasion, praised Lætitia with a kind of rapture, and, whenever he found he had called at the parsonage-house, testified a more than ordinary satisfaction.

But his son Charles was not exactly of his own romantic turn of mind in cases either of friendship or of love. The disinterested and generous maxims of his father made but a slight impression on him, compared with the doctrines more congenial to his nature, which he daily learned, and readily imbibed, from others of his family. These taught him the superiority of wealth, the dignity of title, and inculcated the Pythagorean precept in a sense widely different from that in which it was first employed by the philosopher, that he should especially “respect himself.” He had learned that his father wished him to admire, and at length contract the closest of unions with Miss Everard: and though he considered this as a very great act of condescension on his part, her beauty was so agreeable to him that he found himself very well pleased with her company, and sometimes even wished she had been born in his own rank of life, that he might not, as he feared he should, have to encounter the ridicule of the world by marrying beneath himself. In general, however, he appeared very seldom to have forgotten his rank; the liberties he took were all manifestly the freedoms of superiority, and his attentions such as were entirely consistent with his dignity.

Mr. Everard soon perceived that the character and qualities of this youth were by no means the counter-part of those of his daughter, and he perceived it with no little anxiety; but he likewise observed, to his no small pleasure, that Lætitia appeared very little dazzled either with his wealth or expected title;

title; her heart appeared perfectly at ease, and he even thought he saw, in her treatment of him, an inclination to ridicule his vanity and egotism. Sir Ralph, however, still continued his friendly attentions and praises of her whom he would always call his daughter; so that, at last, without any formal proposal on either side, it became considered as a fixed and certain engagement that she was to become the wife of Charles, immediately on his return from the university.

Lætitia had attained the age of seventeen years, when the son of an old college acquaintance of Mr. Everard's, of the name of Mortimer, made a visit to her father.—He was a young gentleman possessed of a small estate, which had been left him by his uncle, and proposed to chuse some profession, by the practice of which he might add to his income. With the company and conversation of Mr. Everard he was particularly pleased; and Mr. Everard, who admired his sense, his learning, and other good qualities, which he believed him to possess, was as much pleased with him, and invited him to lengthen his stay, and consider the parsonage-house as his home. He, therefore, soon became like one of the family, and by his good sense and affability, rendered himself highly agreeable to every person of whom it consisted.

Mr. Mortimer possessed a lively and ardent imagination; he had read much, and to much advantage; but he was somewhat addicted to the building of systems, though only of such systems as shewed the vigour of his mind and the goodness of his heart.

Lætitia—the beautiful, the intelligent, the susceptible Lætitia—attended with pleasure to his conversation, or listened to him while he read some favorite author. She ad-

mired his animated language, and the proofs he gave of sensibility of heart; nor could she refrain from secretly comparing him, in these respects, with the youth to whom she considered herself as affianced; but this comparison was so much to the disadvantage of the latter, that she repressed it as much as was in her power. Mr. Mortimer likewise, in his turn, was very far from being insensible to the charms and the merit of Lætitia; but he considered her only as the daughter of his friend, and devoted by right to another.

(To be Continued.)

On Sluttishness in Married Ladies.

GENTLEMEN,

THOUGH several very ingenious authors have taken up the pen against the unaccountable negligence which so many married ladies manifest about their dress, yet I do not find that their strictures have ever been attended with any advantage, or produced the minutest reformation among that amiable part of the sex. I have taken the liberty therefore of adding to the number of complainants; and as my story is not the ebullition of fancy, but too melancholy a truth, I doubt not but you will give it a place in your admirable collection.

About twelve months ago I married a most agreeable woman, whom I had known for many years, and who, to the utmost elegance of person, joined both an understanding remarkably excellent, and an uncommon benignity of heart. For six or seven weeks I was the happiest of human beings: Maria's whole soul seemed absorbed in a desire of promoting my satisfaction, and my life was a delightful round of exquisite harmony and love. In fact,
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she appeared to exist merely for the establishment of my felicity, and forsook every other society for the more uninterrupted enjoyment of mine.

As I could scarcely ever get her to stir abroad after the solemnization of our nuptials, I soon began to observe, that she grew remarkably inattentive to her dress: instead of those becoming little ornaments, which before marriage gave her such a variety of elegance, she sat for whole days in the very cap or gown with which she rose from bed; and instead of keeping that fine head of hair in proper order, which I used to contemplate with so sensible a satisfaction, it was continually blouzed, like the tuft on the back of a camel; or clumsily matted, like the tail of a dray-horse. In short, by an imperceptible gradation, she proceeded from negligence to negligence, till at last she scarcely washed her hands in a whole week, or put on clean linen for a fortnight.

To a man naturally cleanly, such behaviour in a woman who was tenderly beloved, you may easily suppose was highly disagreeable.—I spoke to her of it in the softest terms; but my remonstrances produced nothing but a clouded brow, or a shower of tears. She told me that my regard was confined to her dress, and not her person; and asked me, whenever I mentioned this subject, if I had invited any company? Thus preposterously imagining, that the same little arts, which had formerly been a means of exciting my passion, were no way requisite to keep it up; and that a husband was the only man for whom it was utterly unnecessary to put on a tolerable gown or a decent handkerchief; nay, she even observed, that her disregard of dress was the greatest compliment she could possibly pay me, as it was a convincing proof,

her affections were entirely mine; and that now she was sure of me, she was totally indifferent about the world, and perfectly easy whether any body else thought her in the least amiable.

I don't know how it was, but though my affection for my wife was no way abated, I began, every day, less and less to relish her company: this unhappy inattention to her person produced a thousand quarrels; and if we happened to be good humoured, I felt the most sensible disgust at a touch from a dirty hand, and avoided a kiss from a greasy face, with all the sedulity imaginable. Several times I invited company, but this no way changed her mode of proceeding; she either pretended an indisposition, for an opportunity of keeping her room, or made such an appearance as made her perfectly disagreeable. What could I do! the ease and tranquility which I so unfortunately missed at home, I was under the melancholy necessity of looking for abroad; and, in a short time, it grew intolerable to eat a dinner in my own family.

This continual absence induced my wife to think that I had some amour upon my hands, and that opinion made her, to the last degree, wretched: when I came home to sleep, I found her drowned in tears, & saw her dress more than ever neglected; half desperate now, she entirely threw away the remains of any little decency which she had formerly observed, and filled me at once with the most poignant anxiety, and the most insuperable disgust: in short, I both pitied and loathed, and while my heart bled for the distresses of her mind, my eyes instinctively turned away from the monstrous indelicacy of her person. In this disagreeable situation matters have passed for the last three months, and

and threaten, if possible, to grow considerably worse, instead of flattering me with any expectation of taking a turn for the better. The breach between us widens, and the only consolation which is left me, is the hope of a separate maintenance. Thus two people who came together with the warmest sentiments of affection, have had their felicity entirely destroyed by a circumstance easily to be remedied; and that union, which should have been the foundation of their mutual happiness, by an unaccountable negligence in the wife, has rendered them both unspeakably miserable.

My situation, I fear, is far from being singular; let me therefore earnestly exhort your fair readers, whenever they crown the wishes of love, to be, if possible, rather more attentive to their persons after marriage, than they ever were before it. 'Tis not a lady's beauty only which makes a conquest; the various attractions which are given by dress supply her with fresh charms; and, consequently, the same variety of

attraction which first of all captivated the heart of a husband, must be absolutely necessary to preserve it. Unhappily, however, the general run of ladies think that the same tie which has bound a lover's hand, will be sufficient also to engage his mind: hence they grow careless and inattentive, and become negligent in pleasing him; because they are no way studious to please any body else. My story however will I hope, awake them to a proper sense of their duty, and convince them that no affections are so difficult to be retained as a husband's. Possession naturally creates indifference, and the richest diamond lessens in our esteem, in proportion as it grows familiar: for these reasons therefore, a woman of sense should exert herself when a wife, with an additional share of assiduity, and recollect that he will be apt to set the smallest value on her personal accomplishments, who is best acquainted with her personal imperfections.

I am gentlemen, &c.

BENEDICT, *the married man.*

P O E T R Y.

ORIGINAL.

The following lines are supposed to be wrote by a Lady, in sickness, to her absent husband.

W HILE from my cheek the rose of health retires,
The cheerful lay no more my breast inspires;
While pain and sickness hover round my bed,
Sink my faint heart and droop my languid head,

Where art thou Thyrsis? Whither art thou flown,
Whilst thy lov'd Sylvia sighs unheard, unknown?
Wert thou but here, my ebbing life t'attend,
To soothe the anguish of thy suffering friend,
Ev'n death itself less dreadful would appear,
Thy words would ease my heart, my soul would cheer;
Thy gentle love would gild the gloomy way,
And light my passage to the realms of day

But

But fate allows not of this last relief;
 Distant you stray, unconscious of my grief.
 Perhaps, ev'n now, the sprightly train you join,
 Or reason drown in mad'ning draughts of wine.
 Oh! Love, once deign thy vot'ry's pray'r to hear,
 Haste, pour my sorrows in his list'ning ear;
 Bid him return to close my dying eyes,
 Share my last look, hear my departing sighs:
 Quick let him speed, ere death these eyes shall close,
 And still this breast, that pants for his repose.

Yet stay! ah! fly not—I revoke my pray'r;
 Let not my anguish damp his hours with care:
 Did he but know that thus I sink, forlorn,
 While with afflicting pangs my breast is torn,
 His gen'rous heart would heave the sigh sincere,
 His friendly eye would drop the tender tear;
 And, could it give my pains the least relief,
 To see him struggling with oppressive grief—
 Ah no! his woe my sufferings would encrease,
 Would rouse my passions, scarcely hush'd to peace;
 His well known voice would hold me from the sky,
 Bind me to earth, and strengthen ev'ry tie.
 No, Thyrsis, no! I wish not thee to share
 Pangs, which for thee, I unrepining bear:
 To save thy bosom but one anxious groan,
 Content I'd bear each sorrow of my own;
 To make thee happy, I would glad forego
 Ev'n health, the first of blessings here below.
 Then, must thou still in ignorance remain,
 Nor e'er be witness to my grief or pain;

Still may'st thou tread the sprightly round of joy.
 And, may no care for me thy bliss destroy.
 Just Heav'n, perhaps, may my lost ease restore,
 And kindly grant us both to meet, once more,
 When health again may light my languid eye,
 String my torn nerves, and hush the panting sigh:
 Its mercy yet may let me live to prove
 The bliss to meet thee, with unalter'd love;
 To see thee look delight and joy sincere,
 And once again that much loved voice to hear:
 The transports this would give my beating heart,
 No words can paint, no language can impart.
 But oh! should heaven forbid we e'er should know
 The melting joys a meeting would bestow
 Should, whilst thou'rt absent, fate demand my breath,
 And gently lay me on the arms of death,
 If we, alas! are doom'd to meet no more—
 Yet, grieve not, Thyrsis, nor my love deplore:
 If on my grave thou drop'st one friendly tear
 'Tis all I ask—I wish not you to share
 Pangs which, for you, I unrepining bear.
 Let mild religion calm thy bleeding heart,
 That soon will bear affliction's keenest dart:
 May then thy love reward some happier maid,
 And, by her merit, may thy truth be paid:
 Be she endow'd with virtues, like to thine,
 And may she meet thee with a love, like mine:
 May health and peace thy ev'ry hour attend,
 And guard thy steps, till time itself shall end.
 Perhaps from earth and earth-born cares remov'd,
 I may attend a form I long have lov'd;
 Thy guardian angel I, thy steps may guide,
 And smooth thy way down life's tempestuous tide;

From sorrow, pain and danger shield thee
still
Prompt the pure thought, and lead thee off
from ill,
May watch thy slumbers thro' the midnight
gloom,
And guide thy passage to the silent tomb;
May soothe thy pillow, at the hour of
death,
Wait thy freed soul, and catch thy parting
breath:
And, when that sad mournful task is o'er,
Pleas'd, I may guide thee to the blissful shore.
Here, when we meet, shall ev'ry pain be
past,
And our unfading joys for ever last.

EMMA TO HENRY.

MY spirits fail me, all my hopes are fled;
What mean these terrors, hovering round
my head?
Say, my fond heart, what do these sighs
foretell?
Tell me, some angel, is my Henry well?
For, to life's latest hour, my throbbing heart
Will beat for him who dooms us still to part.
O! my lov'd Henry, could my pen reveal
The heart-felt sorrows I for you conceal,
While ev'ry eye my blushing cheek surveys,
That paints the guilt my weeping eye betrays.
Ah, where are all the happy moments
 flown,
Ere *Innocence* had left her peaceful throne?
That guilt and pain usurps in my sad breast,
Where *she* was once the only welcome guest.
O; cruel change! O, sad reverse of fate!
Still doom'd to love the man I ought to hate.
My once lov'd father from his presence sends
His Emma! once the darling of her friends;
Drove from the shelter of a parent's roof,
Nor dare I murmur at his stern reproof.
Have I not bath'd a father's face in tears,
The pride and boast of his declining years:
Now busy fancy oft recalls the thought,
And brings to mind the sacred truths he
taught.
Too soon forgot—for Henry's love, confess,
Drove all these sacred precepts from my
breast.
Repentance comes too late; I've liv'd to
know
What bitter tears from disobedience flow.
O could you, Henry, view your Emma's
fate,
Where once a thousand beauties you would
trace—
Bereft of all the charms that once you priz'd,
By you neglected, by the world despis'd,

Your gentle bosom sure would wish to share
The cruel sorrows she is doom'd to bear.
Then come my Henry, ere too late you
mourn,
Your Emma's ashes in the peaceful urn;
For now the roses from my cheek are fled,
A death-like paleness o'er my face is spread,
My soul just lingers on the verge of death,
To pardon Henry with my latest breath:
O may my ardent prayers prevail at last,
And Heaven forgive him all my sorrows
past.
E M M A.

SELECTED.

THE DEATH OF JOSHUA.

CHILDREN of Israel! Death, with tor-
pid hand,
Chills the flow current of your chieftain's
blood;
Draw near—attend with awe the last com-
mand
Of him who knows your God—the great
—the good!
Lift to that voice, whose shout, amid the
war,
So oft has fill'd the hostile host with dread,
When Anak's giant-offspring hid their head,
When Canaan fled afar.
Tho' now by age unstrung, its feeble sound,
Yet still it breathes for you. Friends—child-
ren—gather round!

So Joshua spake; intent, around,
The assembled nation caught the guardian
sound,
Silent in pious grief,
And many a bosom heav'd the sigh,
And swol'n with tears was many an eye,
For well they lov'd the Chief.
Alone, untrembling, and serene,
The aged warrior's face was seen,
A milder fire illumin'd his fading eyes;
Mild as the dim-decaying ray,
When faintly o'er the evening skies,
Beams the last radiance of departing day.

Friends, who beneath my banners oft have
pour'd
On Canaan's impious chiefs red slaugh-
ter's tide:
When clad in terrors, the Almighty Lord
Call'd forth his storms, and blasted tyrant
pride:
Sill from the God of gods protection crave,
When Joshua's nerveless arm shall moulder
in the grave.

Nor

Nor deem the high-heap'd votive pile,
 Eternal justice can beguile;
 Or victim smoke in mantling mist can hide
 The secret crimes that stain the heart,
 Each lawless lust and self-deceiving art,
 From him whose energy, dilated wide,
 Spreads thro' unbounded space its sovereign
 sway,
 Where, drown'd in darkness, dies yon sun's
 exhausted ray.

What time amid the land where pours the
 Nile

Far o'er the plain his fertilizing flood,
 Oppression tear'd his gore-cemented pile,
 Your fathers bow'd oppress'd,
 And terror wither'd each hope-widow'd
 breast;

Then stretch'd Jehovah forth th' almighty
 hand,
 And Nilus roll'd a tainted tide of blood;
 And darkly-brooding o'er the land,
CONTRACTION, with her blasting breath,
 Breath'd o'er the king-eur'd realm the gales
 of death.

Calm on his couch reclines the tyrant king,
 And tranquil as the sleep of Innocence!

At once in loud and frantic cry,
 The midnight shrieks of agony,
 Burst on his startled sense:
 The angel of destruction rides along!
 The monarch hangs in anguish wild,
 Low o'er the blasted carcase of his child.

He wakes to rage—the despot's force,
 Israel! pursues the heavenly-guided course;
 Where God restrain'd th' obedient **See**,
 Rush'd Pharaoh's impious army, twain with
 pride,

The impetuous tide
 Burst its magic boundary;
 On roll'd the stream, with gather'd waters
 strong,

And steeds and chiefs, in death commingled,
 float along.

Powes all benignant! still thine aid
 To Israel's chosen sons display'd
 Demands the choral song of Gratitude;
 When in the desert wastes they stray,
 And Famine follow'd on the perilous way,
 Thy goodness gave the food:
 The bread of Heav'n descends, on fated
 wing

The airy tribe to Israel fly;
 And when for thirst to thee they cry,
 From the hard rock gush'd forth the abund-
 ant spring.

For now in darkness on the whirlwinds wing,
 Nor then was known Jehovah's power
 Alone in want's despondent hour;
 The Eternal's might directs the flight;

Where the fierce Anak in the battle led,
 And Og gigantic died, and Canaan fled.

In Jericho's strong towers, the insulting foe
 Our hallowed host defied;

For firm her walls, and firm on every side
 The frequent fort arose;

Six days secure, on Jericho's high wall,
 They saw the ark in mystic circle borne,
 And mock'd the sacred rites. The sabbath
 morn

Arose, and now again the foe
 Beheld where Israel's warriors, still and slow,
 In seven-fold circle past.

At once they paus'd—a long and louder blast
 The trumpets pour'd—a deep and general
 cry

Join'd the loud blast in dreadful harmony;
 Earth heav'd her bosom with convulsive
 throes,

And prone, with all her towers and chiefs,
 fell Jericho.

God is with ye, O Israel! fear not ye,
 Tho' Slaughter, in his regal car,
 Leads on his barbarous bands to war;
 Tho' chiefs allied on every side
 Encircle—God shall give the victory.
 Remember, when the orbs of Heaven stood
 still!

Remember, when my voice forbade thenight
 To shield the vanquish'd tyrants in their
 flight!

In vain they hid them then;
 The darkness gave them fail'd to save,
 The eye of Vengeance pierc'd the secret
 den,

They met their doom deserv'd; denied a
 grave,

To all the winds of Heaven their loathly
 bodies wave.

But though the tramp of war no more af-
 fright,

Fly the soft enticing measure,
 From the magic lute of pleasure;
 Fly the soft sounds decedent of delight:
 For thro' your veins th' enerv'ing charm shall
 creep,

Drowning each nobler thought in Vice's
 deadly sleep.

These foes avoid—my children fly
 The diaph'ous smile—the languid eye—
 The languid eye, whose liquid roll
 Thrills thro' the fascinated soul.
 Fly the soft couch—the soul subduing sight—
 Israel—conquer here by flight.
 Go, Israel, break th' oppressor's rod,
 And fight and conquer in the cause of God.

Domesti^c

Domestic Occurrences.

Savannah, February 28.

On Wednesday the 15th inst. a shocking murder was committed at the plantation of Hergen Herfon, in Scriven county. The particulars of which, as far as we are informed, are as follows:—Mr. Herfon, had purchased in October last, seven men and a woman, from a cargo of negroes, lately imported, and carried them up to his place in Scriven county, where they appeared to be happy and content, never receiving harsh language or blows from their master. On the morning of the 25th, one of the fellows, came to the dwelling-house, requesting his master to walk with him to the spot where they had finished what was pointed out to them, and wanted more. Some little time after, his lady looking out observed one of the fellows strike Mr. William Rae, on the head twice with the club end of his ax; on her screaming with terror, three or four rushed into the house, with axes in their hands, and attempted her life, as also that of a young lady who resided with her, but were prevented by the spirited conduct of the latter, who raised a chair to defend herself.

The confusion this threw them in, gave time for her to make her escape; Mrs. Herfon, attempting the same, was closely pursued, and saved her life only, by interposition of a fellow and wench, who had long lived with them, and on finding the fellows return

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from the place where they had deposited articles plundered from the dwelling-house, advised her to conceal herself under the house. Strict search was made for this unfortunate lady, but happily she remained undiscovered.—The faithful fellow having secured her safely, as lay in his power, run to the neighbour's and gave the alarm, which occasioned the collection of a few men, who arriving on the spot, found Mr. Rae, quite dead, and on searching, discovered Mr. Herfon about the spot where he was enticed to examine the work, lying without any other sensations of life, than that of laborious breathing, the back part of his skull, being driven in, by a blow of an ax.

In this situation, he remained about twenty hours, and expired, greatly lamented by all who had the pleasure of his acquaintance; his character being that of an amiable worthy man. The party immediately pursued, and came up with the murderers, who made resistance, but were overcome, three being killed on the first discharge, and one badly wounded; two surrendered, one of which declared himself the author and contriver of the murder—and after much deliberation, was by the men assembled, condemned to the flames, which sentence was immediately put in execution.

Much credit we hear, is due to three brothers, gentlemen of the name of Scruggs, who commenced the pursuit, and by their spirited attack prevented those villains from perpetrating other enormities of the same nature, which was their declared intention.

We

We are also informed, that Mr. Thomas Kirk of this place, was on the spot, and received a wound from one of them, but fortunately made his escape.

QUERY—What species of reward ought to be bestowed on the faithful negro, who at the risk of his own, saved his mistress's life, and gave the alarm to the neighbouring families.

By Yesterday's Mail.

Philadelphia, February 11.

Just as this paper was going to press, the eastern mail arrived. We find the following paragraph in the *Minerva* of Thursday: "We understand there is a letter in town, informing that Mr. Pinckney had been received by the directory."

The valuable cotton manufactory of Mr. Broome, near Wilmington, was burnt on Tuesday evening last. We are happy to hear this loss does not fall entirely on the owner, the greater part being sustained by the insurance company of "North-America, in whose office it was insured.

Extract from the speech of the governor of Kentucky to both houses of the legislature of that state, November 9.

"It is with peculiar pleasure that I call your attention to the present situation of our country. If we take a retrospective view of the western parts of the United States, immersed in war, and of this state in particular, so lately harrassed by the frequent incursions of a cruel savage foe, spreading

terror and distress on all our frontiers; and compare it with its situation at present, when by the directions and exertions of the federal government, as the instrument of a wise and gracious providence, the blessings of peace are not only in expectation, but in our enjoyment, if we advert to the increase of our population, the rapid extension of our settlements to the extremities of our territory in almost every direction, the flourishing state of our agriculture and improvements, & the establishments, in various places, of manufactures; if we contemplate the succession of a year of the greatest plenty to a year of the greatest scarcity, and the prospects which are opened to agriculture and commerce by the free navigation of the river Mississippi—an object so long and so earnestly desired by the western people, and now secured to us by the treaty concluded between the United States and the king of Spain; if we take into our view this accumulation of blessings, where is the nation that hath greater reason to be thankful, to be contented and happy?"

CHARLESTON,
MARCH 4, 1797.

ARRIVALS.

February 24.—Sloop *Minerva*, Elliot, Savannah—Master—Lumber.

February 26.—Schooner *Eclipse*, Fellows, Baltimore—Master—530 barrels flour, and 100 kegs biscuit.

Schooner *Ranger*, Dickson, Africa—J. Price & Co.—ballast.

February

February 27.—Schooner *Eliza*, Boston, Norfolk.—Master—porter and flour.

Brig *Hermes*, Earle, Rhode-Island.—Master—rum and produce.

Schooner *Harriet*, Parker, Philadelphia.—J. Steel—360 barrels flour and dry goods.

February 28.—Ship *Flora*, Scott, Havannah.—J. & E. Gairdner—319 barrels sugar, honey, ginger and fruit.

Schooner *Nancy*, Triffepthen, North Carolina.—Master—lumber.

Ship *Charlotte*, Manchester, Providence.—G. Tyler—goods, lime and produce.

Schooner *Nancy*, Brown, Wilmington.—B. Connor—lumber and shingles.

March 1.—Brig *Nancy*, Moulton, Boston.—Master—lumber and hay.

At an anniversary meeting of the Mount Zion Society, held on Friday, the 24th ult. the following officers were re-elected for the year then commencing, viz.

Doctor James Lynch, president.
Dr. A. Hall, esq. senior-warden.
Mr. Francis Coram, junior-warden.

Daniel Smith, esq. treasurer.

A. Alexander, secretary.

Ichabod Atwell, and Emanuel Plintzell, stewards.

From the BOSTON COMMERCIAL GAZETTE.

Description of a Machine invented by WILLIAM HALIBURTON, Esq. of Windsor in Nova Scotia, designed to enable a ship on a lee shore, or on the mid-ocean, to weather the most violent storms, and to shield her from the waves.

Haliburton's Floating Haven and Anchor, is formed of a strong sail 30 feet long by 12 in depth,

suspended perpendicularly by its upper edge, to a boom rather longer than the sail; and attached below to a smaller boom of equal length, so loaded, as just to sink the sail; the booms are connected by rope bearers, and kept in a square position, by rope braces, which also serve the purpose of conductors, to the legs hereafter described. These ropes are contrived to cast off in a moment, and the sail may be stripped off with equal ease. To prevent the booms coming together by the great strain with which the ship must ride, a joist or leg near each end is interposed, the foot of each inserted into the lower boom; by a tenon and mortice; each leg hath a joint like that of a sector, which from a perpendicular moves inwards to a parallel with the lower boom; the upper ends of those legs move in corresponding fluted grooves, and are extended, or retracted by ropes and pulleys properly disposed in the two booms. The machine is accommodated with a bridle made of two stout hausers, doubled inward, so as to form a large loop, branched into four reins ten fathoms long; armed each with a thimble and hook, to take hold of iron eyes, welded to the hoops which bind the boom ends; the ships cable is passed through and bent to this loop; and may ride thereby at any distance. The booms are armed lengthwise with iron straps turned over the boom ends, like a staple; and furnished with a thimble; to which are spliced two ropes, of 12 fathoms each in length; the machine will tow after, as lightly as any small boat;

the

the legs and spar ends being edged for that purpose.

Haliburton's machine is really a floating anchor, designed to enable a ship on a lee shore, or on the mid ocean to weather the longest and most violent storms, without losing ground; and to shield her from the waves, in such wise as she may ride in smooth water, exposed only to the action of the wind upon her hull, masts, &c.

The theory with respect to the first purpose is founded on the weight of the water, and the power requisite to force a given bulk thereof, through the surrounding mass, and the increasing ratio of the power required to force two, three, or more times the same bulk through the mass opposing its progress.

The second intent depends on the properties and motion of the waves; which never travel far, or continue long; because a wave is found by the pressure of the wind, upon the surface of the water, raising a portion thereof into a ripple or swell, encreasing its bulk as it pushes forward into a ridgy heighth, and the ridge so elevated, becoming more exposed to the action of the wind, and acquiring a velocity greater than that of the base, soon loses its support, and is projected forward with all its weight: whereupon the water of the base subsides to its former level.

In like manner, any bodies which chance to impede or diminish the velocity of the base will cause the ridge or top of the wave to fall, and the sea, for some distance to leeward of the

obstructing body, will become smooth water.* On these principles the above machine (the child of benevolence and sympathy) is formed, and deserves encouragement.

Hence the inventor inferred, that a ship riding by a machine of 30 feet in length, and taking a hold of the water to the depth of twelve feet, can by no means force a column of 360 square feet of water through the surrounding mass, and only a current can remove her from the ground.

* Mr. Downing gave the writer an instance fully in point to prove that the Machine would effectually answer that purpose. He informed the writer that it is very common on the coast of Scotland, though environed with tempestuous seas, to fish with open boats having no shelter but a cuddy at one end. He said the practice is, when the crew apprehend danger from a storm, to take down their mast and spars, to bundle them together, and to cast them, the sails being loose, into the sea; and by ropes fastened to these they ride out the storm without shipping a sea. They will drift at a great rate, but never fill, and he instanced five sail of open boats, fishing in the month of February (in what year was not mentioned) which were exposed to a storm, the most violent ever known, by the oldest people then living; those boats were driven off the coast. Their destruction was deemed inevitable, yet in ten days they all returned. They had however suffered so much by cold, snow, hunger, &c. that several of the men died. This mode of preserving open boats, though practicable only by such as can take down their masts, might be made public throughout America, and if it eventually proves the salvation of any, would give joy to the heart of every good man.

As the ship will ride directly to leeward of the machine, the wave, in its motion towards her, will be intercepted by the sail and booms, pressed so strongly against the surrounding masts, that the motion of the wave at its base must certainly be diminished, if not wholly obstructed, so as to cause the ridge or top to break over the boom, and all the spaces to leeward will be smooth water; as there will not be room between the ship and machine for a wave to rise. So far the principles.

Here follows a description of the moveable apparatus for taking the above machine out of the sea, since called the *Moveable Multicrane*. It is formed of 2 posts, 6, 7, 8, or more feet high, connected by a transverse beam above, and braces appearing like a gallows. Each post is formed of one tree with two limbs or branches, projecting upwards, on the same side, in an angle between 35 and 50 degrees, and extending to the distance of 4 or more feet from their trunk; the superior branch 3 or 4 feet from the interior; but in such direction, that a body, suspended from the upper, shall not interfere with the lower one; in each arm (near the extremity) treble mortices are made to admit 3 chieves or trucks, through all of which ropes are passed & reeved to a block and cat-hook, with a like number of chieves and the end of the rope brought inboard through a snatch-block mortice, cut on one side of the post, near the foot; the snatch block for one crane on the right, for the other on the left of the same post, and each post has two of those cranes, each

crane having a distinct apparatus.

Hence it is evident, that as many such posts as may be conveniently placed under the same transverse beam, so many couple of cranes with their distinct apparatus may thus be made to act together and the powers of all may be combined with, and increased by one, or more capsterns.

The *Multicrane* is most conveniently placed on the quarter deck,* and lashed to the lee quarter rails; the feet are sunk into, or within cleets, made to inclose three sides of each.

From the upper ends and outside of each post, in the range of the deck fore and aft, an iron bar descends obliquely to the deck, key'd down to a staple or bolt sunk into the deck: two similar bars from the head of the posts decline backwards to the middle of the deck, and are key'd down in the same manner; thus 4 bars from the tops of the posts brace and support the cranes in every direction. To prevent the cranes being wrenched out of their position, by the swing of heavy bodies, when the ship is in motion; a long rope from the taffarel is passed over and tied several times round the nearest upper arm, passed next over, and tied round the farthest upper arm, thence carried and belayed to a timber head forward, by which means the cranes when set up are strongly attached to the ship's hull, and as immoveable as the parts of the vessel. This ma-

* The *Multicrane* may be set upon the main deck, lashed to the lee gun wale between the shrouds and main-mast, or any place that may be judged proper.

chine may be put up or taken down (as supposed) in seven minutes.

Such are the phenomena of the *Multicrane*, that good judges believe its powers cannot be limited.

For raising heavy bodies up to wharves, or high towers, it promises to be of great use, but greatest for the purpose of taking the haven and anchor out of the sea. As it interferes not with the sails usually spread in a storm, depends not on the masts or rigging, requires not the men to get over the sides, or off the deck, and therefore endangers them not, it may be used in the heaviest storms, even when the ship is under sail. The crane posts, when taken down, may be slung over the taffarel.

Upon the whole, the *Multicrane* is far superior to the out riggers of the men of war, which cannot be used without the aid of the masts and yards, and must dip into the sea, when the ship is on the careen, and in dismasted ships are useless.

From a Philadelphia Paper.

— "The gay assembly's gayest room,
"Is but the upper story to the tomb."

— "Men drop so fast, ere life's mid stage we tread,
"Few know so many friends alive as dead."

— IT is due to the public curiosity, so strongly excited by the late awful events in Mr. Andrew Brown's family, to give a narrative of such of them as can be collected.

Mr. Brown, his wife, and George his son, were at the Circus on Thursday evening, the 26th

ult. A sudden indisposition of Mrs. Brown, obliged them to retire before the performances were terminated. On their return home Mrs. Brown and the children went to bed before ten o'clock.

Mr. Brown remained in the front office writing 'till near eleven o'clock. He had a custom of keeping large quantities of ashes in the back part of the stove; to this circumstance, which arose from what he conceived prudent precaution, was probably owing the destruction of his family: for it is believed that the log which he raked up, was, by means of the ashes behind, kept so far forward as to cause it, when it broke in the middle, to fall on the floor, where the fire caught some of the loose papers which in general lay too carelessly scattered there.

Be this as it may, it is likely that the fire commenced soon after he retired to bed; and that it spread slowly for want of air to nourish it.

Mr. Brown rose about 5 o'clock, and quickly found the perilous situation of his family and fortune. His first step was to call loudly to Mrs. Brown, and the rest of the family, to rise and take care of themselves. Then, with the assistance of a white and black servant, and an apprentice, he essayed to extinguish the flames, by quantities of water brought from a neighbouring pump. In this ineffectual attempt they spent about eight or ten minutes; but the fresh air that rushed through the street door, and thence into that of the office, added such fury to the 'till then dormant flames, that they forced a passage through the office

office window and through the ceiling, close by the bed-chamber door. Thence they seized the stair case, between the second and third story, whence a solid column of fire and smoke issued upwards, and into the adjacent rooms.

In the interim, Mrs. Brown, on the first alarm, started from bed, and, undressed as she was, ran down stairs. Her eldest daughter, Mary, had likewise come down. Alarming as were appearances at this time, the danger did not seem by any means so imminent as it really was. It was judged, as the fire was then confined to one room, that there would be time to run up stairs and put on a few cloaths. Another motive had weight with the fond mother. Two of her children were still above stairs, and in danger of perishing: two highly laudable inducements, therefore, female delicacy, and parental affection, combined to impel Mrs. Brown to ascend those stairs which she was never to descend with life.

All this occurred between the first discovery of the fire, and the moment of its forcing a passage upwards. Mrs. Brown had dressed herself and Betsey, and with that child was at the room door of the third story, when the irresistible torrent of devouring flames and smothering smoke rushed forward, and in an instant hurried her into eternity.

While she remained at the door, one of the apprentices attempted to pass by her, but she forced him back to dress himself, probably not deeming the danger as urgent as it really was, and unwilling to increase the confusion below.—

The boy ran to the street window, and was going to leap out, but was intimidated. He again returned to the stair case, and forced his way by Mrs. Brown, who still remained nailed, as it were, to the fatal spot, where she met her fate. He rushed forward through the flame, which was then rising upwards. The handkerchief on his head, and his shirt, were burned. He was considerably scorched.

Another apprentice ran to the back window of the third story, and leaped out on a shed, which he broke in his fall. He was somewhat bruised, but not dangerously.

A third apprentice went out of the same window, and caught hold of a rail across it; but in his fright, gave way, and fell down into the yard. He was much more bruised than the former, but will not probably suffer any permanent injury.

To return to Mr. Brown.—When he found his endeavours to extinguish the flames were ineffectual, he rushed up stairs through them, to attempt to rescue his family. In this praiseworthy effort he had well nigh perished; for when he reached the third story, where he was saluted with the sight of his wife and child suffocated to death, he was almost overpowered with the smoke, and nearly exhausted by the time he arrived at the window. His hands were much burned, as were his legs, his neck, his face, and the parts adjacent to the abdomen. He loudly called for a ladder, which was instantly applied to the side of the house—

house—his black servant, Caesar, mounted, snatched him from instant destruction, and carried him down into the street.

Caesar again ascended; and brought away one of the hired servant women, who was on the point of perishing.

A neighbour got into the bed chamber, by the shed in the yard, and found Mary lying under the window. She still retained appearances of life—her pulse beat, and her heart throbbed. Every endeavour was used to restore her, but in vain.

Betsy, as was hinted, perished in company with her mother.—George accompanied to the window the apprentice boy who fell into the yard. It is not ascertained whether he made any attempt to escape in the same dangerous manner; but it is certain that he fell a sacrifice near the window.

The mother and her three children were on Saturday afternoon, the 28th ult. interred in one common grave, in St. Paul's churchyard, attended by as great a concourse of people as Philadelphia has witnessed at a funeral for many years.

Mr. Brown, though severely burned, was not considered to be in danger till last Wednesday, when a delirium took place. He was almost constantly raving about his family, calling for their assistance; and his symptoms appeared to grow more dangerous till Saturday morning, when he expired about ten o'clock. His remains were about the same hour, the next morning, deposited in the same grave with those of his family.

To draw the character of Mrs Brown is attended with considerable difficulty. That it had blemishes, the utmost partiality of friendship cannot deny. That those blemishes were contrasted by luminary points, malice and hatred must admit. And what else is man, in his best state, but a compound of virtue and vice, of light and shade? Let those who so freely censure his failings, look at home, and "take the beam from their own eye." And if none but "those without sin cast a stone at his grave," his ashes will repose in peace.

MARRIED.]—On Thursday the 23d ult. Mr. *Paul Severance*, to Miss *Hannah Higgins*.

On Saturday the 25 ult. by the reverend bishop Smith, Mr. *James Hickey*, merchant, to Miss *Charlotte Lestajette*, daughter of Lewis Lestajette, Esq. of Orangeburgh.

On Thursday the 23d capt. *Robert Foster*, to Mrs. *Ann Daugherty*, both of this city.

On Thursday evening last, Mr. *John M'Crady*, to Miss *Johnson*, both of this city.

DIED.]—In the city of Washington, on the 1st of February, Mr. *James Hoban*.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

* * * The following pieces came to hand too late for their respective departments in No. IX. but shall have a place in our next: "*Thoughts on the Establishment of a National University, &c.*"—"Thoughts on Education by Ephebes."—"And a Versification of the Ten Commandments."